

Renegade
Press PRESENTS

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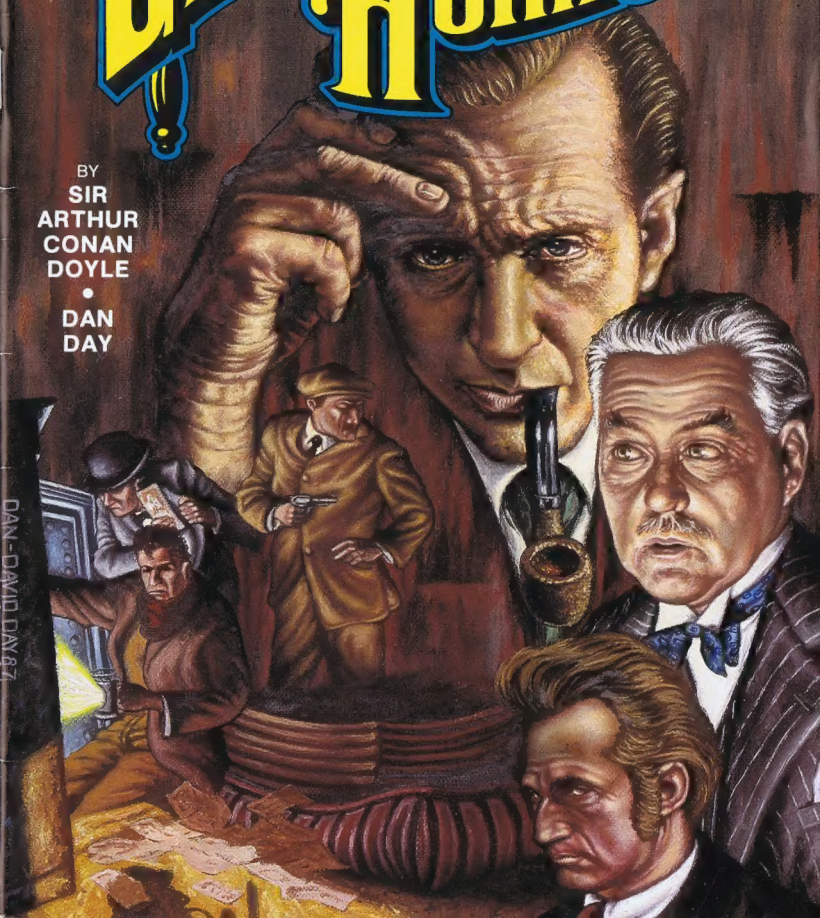
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Cases of Sherlock Holmes

BY
SIR
ARTHUR
CONAN
DOYLE
•
DAN
DAY

DAN-DAVID DAY/87



A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

You've seen it in The Comic Buyer's Guide, you've read about it in various "fan" publications, and you've probably discussed it with some of your friends. I'm talking about a conspiracy here, people, and it's called CENSORSHIP. It is a conspiracy to take away some of our basic rights, such as the right to think and write as we see fit as fellow human beings! **The right to create.**

This is not a new thing. It has been fought on many levels in the entertainment industry for years. Books have been banned, and writers and artists have had terms dictated to them before. The difference, for you, the reader is that this time they are attacking something near and dear to us...comic books.

We have complained, both creators and readers, for the last ten years that comics are not taken seriously enough, that our own personal cultural heroes are going unrecognized by the "world outside". Well, guess what, folks; they have noticed, and the result isn't quite what all of us had in mind! Suddenly we are no longer producers and consumers of "third-rate children's literature". Suddenly we are producers (and consumers) of "pornography".

What to do about this new perception of our medium is up to each of us. For creators in the field, it may mean making a stand about their rights as individuals. Producing comics is, after all, how they make their living. It is also their forum to state their opinions. I think that enough has been said about that. We all know where the Frank Millers and the Chris Claremonts stand regarding the First Amendment. My question is, where do you stand?

You have spent the last ten years telling the creators, and the publishers, that you were ready for more adult themes in your reading. You told the artists and writers. We listened to you tell us how you were all grown up and could appreciate something besides basic fistfights...you wanted something more. So we gave it to you. Retailers were told that, with an older reading audience, they could attract buyers who had more money to spend. And we were right, as the growth of the market proves. All we ask in return now is that you support us when we want to do something more. There are people in the field putting their livelihood on the line, and all I ask is that you use your judgement in what you support.

There are people starving in Africa, and there are workers fighting for better working conditions in America. There are Blacks fighting for the right to live in equality in South Africa. When your support was asked for to aid these important causes, I'll bet you gave it. This kind of support simply takes a little more of your time and a different kind of sacrifice. These are your cultural heroes at risk here, and this is your fight as well as ours.

Ten years ago we were told not to make waves about little things like the rights of a creator to own his own creation. Some stayed and fought the battle in the Corporate offices, and others took off and formed their own places to create. Places where the artists could control their own creations. We thought we had that battle won but it sometimes seems like it never ends. Now the battle continues with forces from outside the field. We fought to create an industry where the artists could continue to grow, and instead we are finding the basic rights of our artists to speak out being questioned anew. The question of who is behind this is an editorial in itself, and not really important here. But what we can do about it is! a question that is being addressed to each one of you. You, our readers, can give the creators the protection they need, by simply being an informed consumer.

When you walk into your local comic shop, don't just buy whatever catches your eye. (Didn't you boycott grapes during the strike? I'm sure that didn't change the fact you like them.) Support these artists who are taking a stand, and listen to what they are saying. This is still a small enough industry that what you do matters. You asked for the kind of work that only comes with true creative freedom. There is whether you have the same integrity that the writers and artists you so admire have shown. Or are fans just all talk and no action?

Here is a chance for you to prove where you stand. Every time a book is produced that pushes the boundaries of what is "acceptable", retailers and distributors are left vulnerable to the whims of their local authorities. They can be arrested, have their shops closed down, or fall victim to any number of other ways of legally harassing them. They can be forced to cooperate with the censoring of comics, simply because they cannot afford the price of refusal. And what's saddest is, they may not even know they have a choice.

Even now, a group of concerned artists is meeting to discuss the fine points of putting together what is, in essence, a "protest book" designed to raise funds and raise the consciousness of the retailers, distributors, and you, our reader. The money raised would go towards a fund which would help pay for any legal costs incurred by a publisher, artist, retailer or distributor as the result of any actions taken by them for protection against censorship and control by outside forces. This fund would help support the people who are on the front lines. I'm not going to say yet who will be working on the book. The issue goes beyond that. I'm challenging you, our readers, to put your power behind this and support this project. Write and tell all the publishers that you have heard about this project. Write to your local comic shop and tell them you will support this book. If you own a shop by all means read this book. Keep yourself informed. Get yourself involved. The time has come for you to do something. The time has come to use your power.

Deni



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Deni Loubert
Publisher

Wendi Lee
Press Liaison

Jennifer Grasberger
Assistant to the Publisher

Peter Avanzino
Circulation

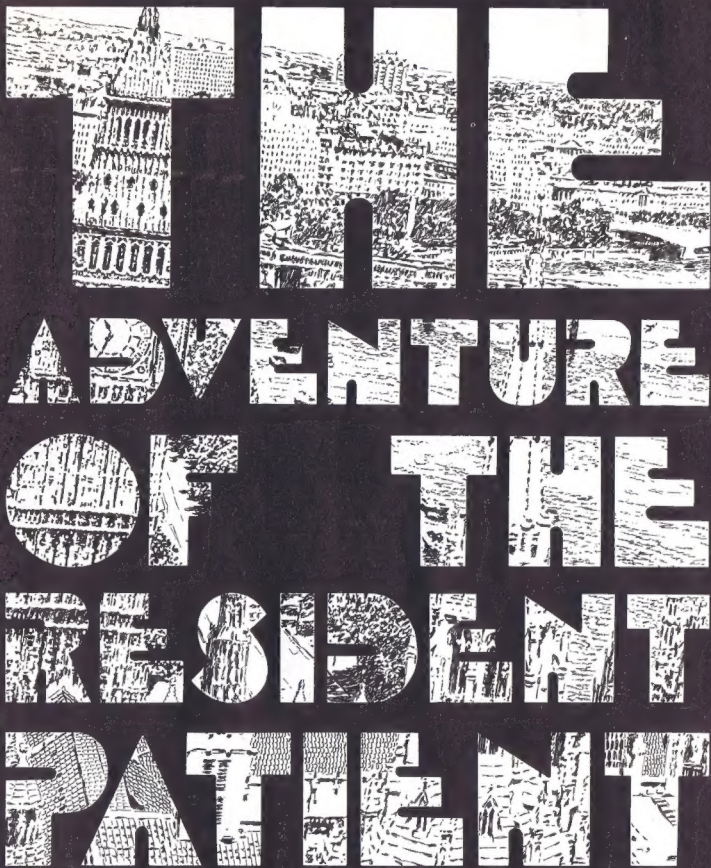
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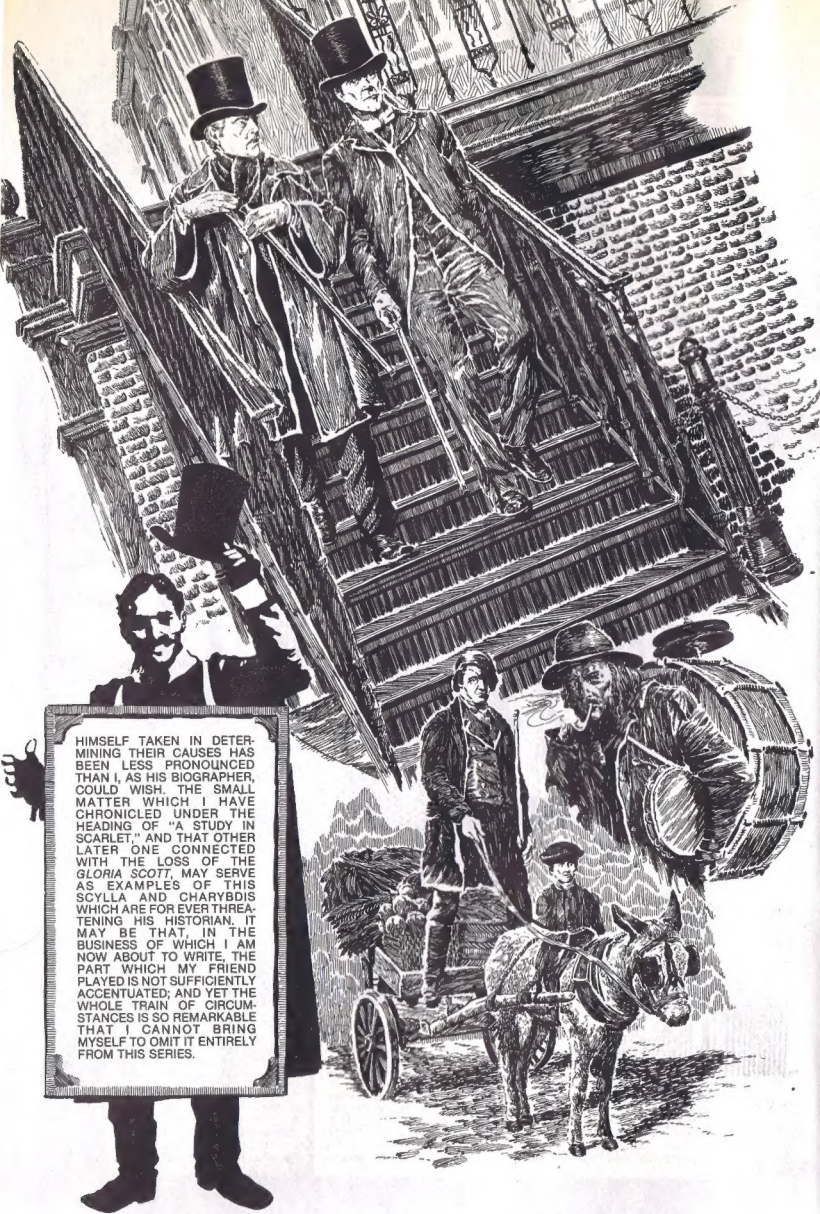
THE ADVENTURE OF THE RESIDENT PATIENT

BY~ SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE ART DAN DAY

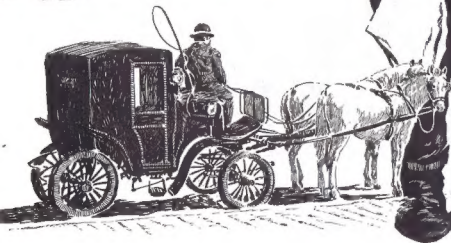
I N GLANCING OVER THE SOMEWHAT INCOHERENT SERIES OF MEMOIRS WITH WHICH I HAVE ENDEAVOURED TO ILLUSTRATE A FEW OF THE MENTAL PECULIARITIES OF MY FRIEND, MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, I HAVE BEEN STRUCK BY THE DIFFICULTY WHICH I HAVE EXPERIENCED IN PICKING OUT EXAMPLES

WHICH SHALL IN EVERY WAY ANSWER MY PURPOSE. FOR IN THOSE CASES IN WHICH HOLMES HAS PERFORMED SOME *TOUR-DE-FORCE* OF ANALYTICAL REASONING, AND HAS DEMONSTRATED THE VALUE OF HIS PECULIAR METHODS OF INVESTIGATION, THE FACTS THEMSELVES HAVE OFTEN BEEN SO SLIGHT OR SO COMMON-

PLACE THAT I COULD NOT FEEL JUSTIFIED IN LAYING THEM BEFORE THE PUBLIC. ON THE OTHER HAND, IT HAS FREQUENTLY HAPPENED THAT HE HAS BEEN CONCERNED IN SOME RESEARCH WHERE THE FACTS HAVE BEEN OF THE MOST REMARKABLE AND DRAMATIC CHARACTER, BUT WHERE THE SHARE WHICH HE HAS



HIMSELF TAKEN IN DETERMINING THEIR CAUSES HAS BEEN LESS PRONOUNCED THAN I, AS HIS BIOGRAPHER, COULD WISH. THE SMALL MATTER WHICH I HAVE CHRONICLED UNDER THE HEADING OF "A STUDY IN SCARLET," AND THAT OTHER LATER ONE CONNECTED WITH THE LOSS OF THE GLORIA SCOTT, MAY SERVE AS EXAMPLES OF THIS SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS WHICH ARE FOR EVER THREATENING HIS HISTORIAN. IT MAY BE THAT, IN THE BUSINESS OF WHICH I AM NOW ABOUT TO WRITE, THE PART WHICH MY FRIEND PLAYED IS NOT SUFFICIENTLY ACCENTUATED; AND YET THE WHOLE TRAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES IS SO REMARKABLE THAT I CANNOT BRING MYSELF TO OMIT IT ENTIRELY FROM THIS SERIES.

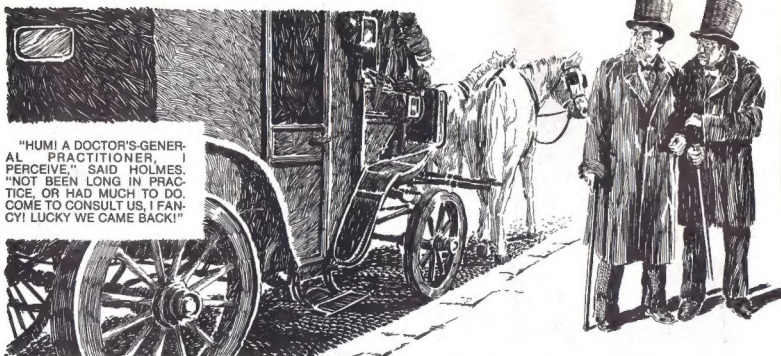


I CANNOT BE SURE OF THE EXACT DATE, FOR SOME OF MY MEMORANDA UPON THE MATTER HAVE BEEN MISLAID, BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN TOWARDS THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR DURING WHICH HOLMES AND I SHARED CHAMBERS IN BAKER STREET. IT WAS BOISTEROUS OCTOBER WEATHER, AND WE HAD BOTH REMAINED IN-DOORS ALL DAY, I BECAUSE I FEARED WITH MY SHAKEN HEALTH TO FACE THE KEEN AUTUMN WIND, WHILE HE WAS DEEP IN SOME OF THOSE ABSTRUSE CHEMICAL INVESTIGATIONS WHICH ABSORBED HIM UTTERLY AS LONG AS HE WAS ENGAGED UPON THEM. TOWARDS EVENING, HOWEVER, THE BREAKING OF A TEST-TUBE BROUGHT HIS RESEARCH TO A PREMATURE ENDING, AND HE SPRANG UP FROM HIS CHAIR WITH AN EXCLAMATION OF IMPATIENCE AND A CLOUDED BROW.

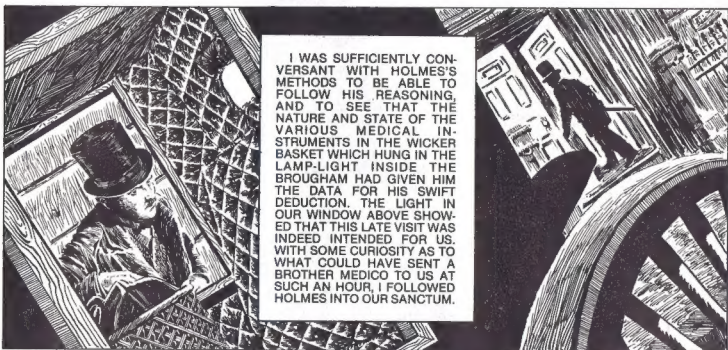
"A DAY'S WORK RUINED, WATSON," SAID HE, STRIDING ACROSS TO THE WINDOW. "HAI! THE STARS ARE OUT AND THE WIND HAS FALLEN. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A RAMPLE THROUGH LONDON?"

"I WAS WEARY OF OUR LITTLE SITTING-ROOM, AND GLADLY ACQUIRED, MUFFLING MYSELF NOSE-HIGH AGAINST THE KEEN NIGHT AIR, FOR THREE HOURS WE STROLLED ABOUT TOGETHER, WATCHING THE EVER-CHANGING KALEIDOSCOPE OF LIFE AS IT EBBS AND FLOWS THROUGH FLEET STREET AND THE STRAND. HOLMES HAD SHAKEN OFF HIS TEMPORARY ILL-HUMOUR, AND HIS CHARACTERISTIC TALK, WITH ITS KEEN OBSERVANCE OF DETAIL AND SUBTLE POWER OF INFERENCE, HELD ME AMUSED AND ENTHRALLED. IT WAS TEN O'CLOCK BEFORE WE REACHED BAKER STREET AGAIN, A BROUGHAM WAS WAITING AT OUR DOOR.





"HUM! A DOCTOR'S-GENERAL PRACTITIONER, I PERCEIVE," SAID HOLMES. "NOT BEEN LONG IN PRACTICE OR HAD MUCH TO DO. COME TO CONSULT US, I FANCY! LUCKY WE CAME BACK!"

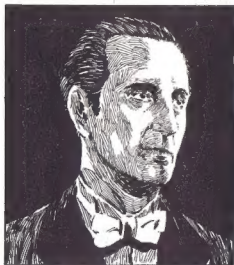


I WAS SUFFICIENTLY CONVERSANT WITH HOLMES'S METHODS TO BE ABLE TO FOLLOW HIS REASONING, AND TO SEE THAT THE NATURE AND STATE OF THE VARIOUS MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS IN THE WICKER BASKET WHICH HUNG IN THE LAMP-LIGHT INSIDE THE BROUGHAM HAD GIVEN HIM THE DATA FOR HIS SWIFT DEDUCTION. THE LIGHT IN OUR WINDOW ABOVE SHOWED THAT THIS LATE VISIT WAS INDEED INTENDED FOR US. WITH SOME CURIOSITY AS TO WHAT COULD HAVE SENT A BROTHER MEDICO TO US AT SUCH AN HOUR, I FOLLOWED HOLMES INTO OUR SANCTUM.



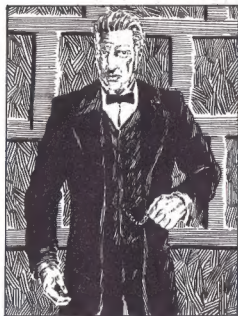
A PALE, TAPER-FACED MAN WITH SANDY WHISKERS ROSE UP FROM A CHAIR BY THE FIRE AS WE ENTERED. HIS AGE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN MORE THAN THREE OR FOUR AND THIRTY, BUT HIS HAGGARD EXPRESSION AND UNHEALTHY HUE TOLD OF A LIFE WHICH HAD SAPPED HIS STRENGTH AND ROBED HIM OF HIS YOUTH. HIS MANNER WAS NERVOUS AND SHY, LIKE THAT OF A SENSITIVE GENTLEMAN, AND THE THIN WHITE HAND WHICH HE LAID ON THE MANTELPIECE AS HE ROSE WAS THAT OF AN ARTIST RATHER THAN OF A SURGEON. HIS DRESS WAS QUIET AND SOMBRE, A BLACK FROCK-COAT, DARK TROUSERS, AND A TOUCH OF COLOUR ABOUT HIS NECKTIE.

"GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR," SAID HOLMES, CHEERILY. "I AM GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU HAVE ONLY BEEN WAITING A VERY FEW MINUTES."



"MY NAME IS DOCTOR PERCY TREVELYAN," SAID OUR VISITOR, "AND I LIVE AT 403, BROOK STREET."

"YOU SPOKE TO MY COACHMAN, THEN?"

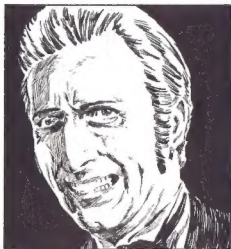
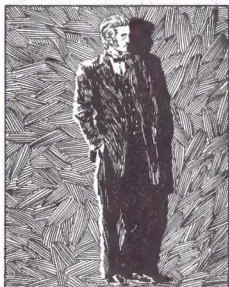
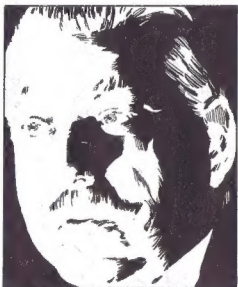


"ARE YOU NOT THE AUTHOR OF A MONOGRAPH UPON OBSCURE NERVOUS LESIONS?" I ASKED.

"NO, IT WAS THE CANDLE ON THE SIDE-TABLE THAT TOLD ME. PRAY RESUME YOUR SEAT AND LET ME KNOW HOW I CAN SERVE YOU."



HIS PALE CHEEKS FLUSHED WITH PLEASURE AT HEARING THAT HIS WORK WAS KNOWN TO ME.



"I SO SELDOM HEAR OF THE WORK THAT I THOUGHT IT WAS QUITE DEAD," SAID HE. "MY PUBLISHERS GIVE ME A MOST DISCOURAGING ACCOUNT OF ITS SALE. YOU ARE YOURSELF, I PRESUME, A MEDICAL MAN?"



"A RETIRED ARMY SURGEON."



"MY OWN HOBBY HAS ALWAYS BEEN NERVOUS DISEASE. I SHOULD WISH TO MAKE IT AN ABSOLUTE SPECIALTY, BUT, OF COURSE, A MAN MUST TAKE WHAT HE CAN GET AT FIRST. THIS, HOWEVER, IS BESIDE THE QUESTION, MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, AND I QUITE APPRECIATE HOW VALUABLE YOUR TIME IS. THE FACT IS THAT A VERY SINGULAR TRAIN OF EVENTS HAS OCCURRED RECENTLY AT MY HOUSE IN BROOK STREET, AND TO-NIGHT THEY CAME TO SUCH A HEAD THAT I FELT IT WAS QUITE IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO WAIT ANOTHER HOUR BEFORE ASKING FOR YOUR ADVICE AND ASSISTANCE."

SHERLOCK HOLMES SAT DOWN AND LIT HIS PIPE. "YOU ARE VERY WELCOME TO

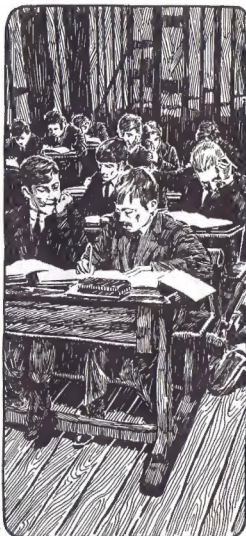
BOTH," SAID HE. "PRAY LET ME HAVE A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF WHAT THE CIR-

CUMSTANCES ARE WHICH HAVE DISTURBED YOU."



"ONE OR TWO OF THEM ARE SO TRIVIAL," SAID DR. TREVELYAN, "THAT REALLY I AM ALMOST ASHAMED TO MENTION THEM. BUT THE MATTER IS SO INEXPLICABLE, AND THE RECENT TURN WHICH IT HAS TAKEN IS SO ELABORATE, THAT I SHALL LAY IT ALL BEFORE YOU, AND YOU SHALL JUDGE WHAT IS ESSENTIAL AND WHAT IS NOT.

"I AM COMPELLED, TO BEGIN WITH, TO SAY SOMETHING OF MY OWN COL-



LEGE CAREER. I AM A LONDON UNIVERSITY MAN, YOU KNOW, AND I AM SURE YOU WILL NOT THINK THAT I AM UNDULY SINGING MY OWN PRAISES IF I SAY THAT MY STUDENT CAREER WAS CONSIDERED BY MY PROFESSORS TO BE A VERY PROMISING ONE. AFTER I HAD GRADUATED I CONTINUED TO DEVOTE MYSELF TO RESEARCH, OCCUPYING A MINOR POSITION IN KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, AND I



WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO EXCITE CONSIDERABLE INTEREST BY MY RESEARCH INTO THE PATHOLOGY OF CATALEPSY, AND FINALLY TO WIN THE BRUCE PINKERTON PRIZE AND MEDAL BY THE MONOGRAPH ON NERVOUS LESIONS TO WHICH YOUR FRIEND HAS JUST ALLUDED. I SHOULD NOT GO TOO FAR IF I WERE TO SAY THAT THERE WAS A GENERAL IMPRESSION AT THAT TIME THAT A DISTINGUISHED CAREER LAY BEFORE ME.

"BUT THE ONE GREAT STUMBLING-BLOCK LAY IN MY WANT OF CAPITAL. AS YOU WILL READILY UNDERSTAND, A SPECIALIST WHO AIMS HIGH IS COMPELLED TO START IN ONE OF A DOZEN STREETS IN THE CAVENTISH SQUARE QUARTER, ALL OF WHICH ENTAIL ENORMOUS RENTS AND FURNISHING EXPENSES. BESIDES THIS PRELIMINARY OUTLAY, HE MUST BE PREPARED TO KEEP HIMSELF FOR SOME YEARS, AND TO HIRE A PRESENTABLE CARRIAGE AND HORSE. TO

DO THIS WAS QUITE BEYOND MY POWER, AND I COULD ONLY HOPE THAT BY ECONOMY I MIGHT IN TEN YEARS' TIME SAVE ENOUGH TO ENABLE ME TO PUT UP MY PLATE. SUDDENLY, HOWEVER, AN UNEXPECTED INCIDENT OPENED UP QUITE A NEW PROSPECT TO ME.

"THIS WAS A VISIT FROM A GENTLEMAN OF THE NAME OF BLESSINGTON, WHO WAS A COMPLETE STRANGER TO ME. HE CAME UP INTO MY ROOM ONE MORNING, AND PLUNGED INTO BUSINESS IN

AN INSTANT.

"YOU ARE THE SAME PERCY TREVELYAN WHO HAS HAD SO DISTINGUISHED A CAREER AND WON A GREAT PRIZE LATELY?" SAID HE. I BOWED.

"ANSWER ME FRANKLY," HE CONTINUED, "FOR YOU WILL FIND IT TO YOUR INTEREST TO DO SO. YOU HAVE ALL THE CLEVERNESS WHICH MAKES A SUCCESSFUL MAN. HAVE YOU THE TACT?"

"I COULD NOT HELP SMILING AT THE ABRUPTNESS OF



THE QUESTION.

"I TRUST THAT I HAVE MY SHARE," I SAID.

"ANY BAD HABITS? NOT DRAWN TOWARDS DRINK, EH?"

"REALLY, SIR!" I CRIED. "QUITE RIGHT! THAT'S ALL RIGHT! BUT I WAS BOUND TO ASK. WITH ALL THESE QUALITIES WHY ARE YOU NOT IN PRACTICE?"

"I SHRUGGED MY SHOULDERS.

"COME, COME!" SAID HE, IN HIS BUSTLING WAY. "IT'S THE OLD STORY. MORE IN

YOUR BRAINS THAN IN YOUR POCKET, EH? WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I WERE TO START YOU IN BROOK STREET?"

"I STARED AT HIM IN ASTONISHMENT.

"OH, IT'S FOR MY SAKE, NOT FOR YOURS," HE CRIED. "I'LL BE PERFECTLY FRANK WITH YOU. AND IF IT SUITS YOU IT WILL SUIT ME VERY WELL. I HAVE A FEW THOUSANDS TO INVEST, D'YE SEE, AND I THINK I'LL SINK THEM IN YOU."

"BUT WHY?" I GASPED.

"WELL, IT'S JUST LIKE ANY

OTHER SPECULATION, AND SAFER THAN MOST."

"WHAT AM I TO DO, THEN?"

"I'LL TELL YOU. I'LL TAKE THE HOUSE, FURNISH IT, PAY THE MAIDS, AND RUN THE WHOLE PLACE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS JUST TO WEAR OUT YOUR CHAIR IN THE CONSULTING-ROOM. I'LL LET YOU HAVE A POCKET-MONEY AND EVERYTHING. THEN YOU HAND OVER TO ME THREE-QUARTERS OF WHAT YOU EARN AND YOU KEEP THE OTHER QUARTER FOR YOURSELF."

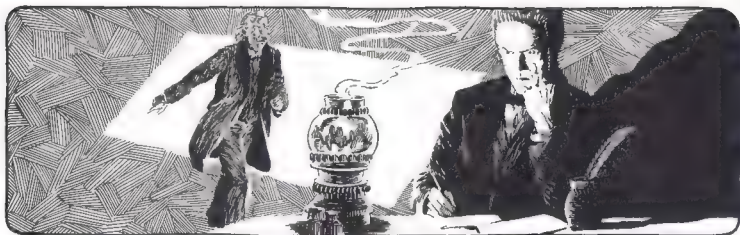
"THIS WAS THE STRANGE PROPOSAL, MR. HOLMES, WITH WHICH THE MAN BLESSINGTON APPROACHED ME. I WON'T WEARY YOU WITH THE ACCOUNT OF HOW WE BARGAINED AND NEGOTIATED. IT ENDED IN MY MOVING INTO THE HOUSE NEXT LADY DAY AND STARTING IN PRACTICE ON VERY MUCH THE SAME CONDITIONS AS HE HAD SUGGESTED. HE CAME HIMSELF TO LIVE WITH ME IN THE CHARACTER OF A RESIDENT PATIENT. HIS HEART WAS WEAK, IT APPEARS, AND

HE NEEDED CONSTANT MEDICAL SUPERVISION. HE TURNED THE TWO BEST ROOMS ON THE FIRST FLOOR INTO A SITTING-ROOM AND BEDROOM FOR HIMSELF. HE WAS A MAN OF SINGULAR HABITS, SHUNNING COMPANY AND VERY SELDOM GOING OUT. HIS LIFE WAS IRREGULAR, BUT IN ONE RESPECT HE WAS REGULARITY ITSELF. EVERY EVENING AT THE SAME HOUR HE WALKED INTO THE CONSULTING-ROOM, EXAMINED THE BOOKS, PUT DOWN FIVE AND THREE-PENCE FOR

EVERY GUINEA THAT I HAD EARNED, AND CARRIED THE REST OFF TO THE STRONG BOX IN HIS OWN ROOM.

"I MAY SAY WITH CONFIDENCE THAT HE NEVER HAD OCCASION TO REGRET HIS SPECULATION. FROM THE FIRST IT WAS A SUCCESS. A FEW GOOD CASES AND THE REPUTATION WHICH I HAD WON IN THE HOSPITAL BROUGHT ME RAPIDLY TO THE FRONT, AND DURING THE LAST FEW YEARS I HAVE MADE HIM A RICH MAN.

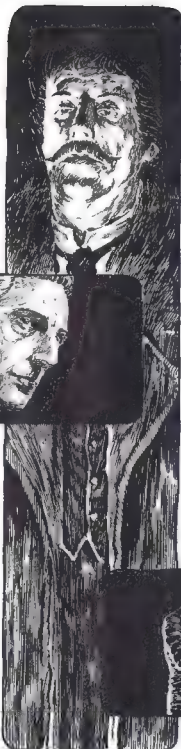
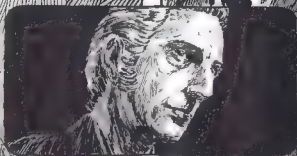




"SO MUCH, MR. HOLMES, FOR MY PAST HISTORY AND FOR MY RELATIONS WITH MR. BLESSINGTON. IT ONLY REMAINS FOR ME NOW TO TELL YOU WHAT HAS OCCURRED TO BRING ME HERE TO-NIGHT. "SOME WEEKS AGO MR. BLESSINGTON CAME DOWN TO ME IN, AS IT SEEMED TO ME, A STATE OF CONSIDERABLE AGITATION. HE SPOKE OF SOME BURGLARY WHICH, HE SAID, HAD BEEN COMMITTED IN THE WEST-END, AND HE APPEARED, I

REMEMBER, TO BE QUITE UN-NECESSARILY EXCITED ABOUT IT, DECLARING THAT A DAY SHOULD NOT PASS BEFORE WE SHOULD ADD STRONGER BOLTS TO OUR WINDOWS AND DOORS. FOR A WEEK HE CONTINUED TO BE IN QUITE A PECULIAR STATE OF RESTLESSNESS, PEERING CONTINUALLY OUT OF THE WINDOWS, AND CEASING TO TAKE THE SHORT WALK WHICH HAD USUALLY BEEN THE PRELUDE TO HIS DINNER. FROM HIS MANNER IT

STRUCK ME THAT HE WAS IN MORTAL DREAD OF SOMETHING OR SOMEBODY, BUT WHEN I QUESTIONED HIM UPON THE POINT HE BECAME SO OFFENSIVE THAT I WAS COMPELLED TO DROP THE SUBJECT. GRADUALLY AS TIME PASSED HIS FEARS APPEARED TO DIE AWAY, AND HE HAD RENEWED HIS FORMER HABITS. WHEN A FRESH EVENT REDUCED HIM TO THE PITIABLE STATE OF PROSTRATION IN WHICH HE NOW LIES.



"WHAT HAPPENED WAS THIS TWO DAYS AGO I RECEIVED THE LETTER WHICH I NOW READ TO YOU. NEITHER ADDRESS NOR DATE IS ATTACHED TO IT.

" 'A RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN WHO IS NOW RESIDENT IN ENGLAND,' IT RUNS, 'WOULD BE GLAD TO AVAIL HIMSELF OF THE PROFESSIONAL ASSISTANCE OF DR. PERCY TREVELYAN. HE HAS BEEN FOR SOME YEARS A VICTIM TO CATALEPTIC ATTACKS, IN WHICH, AS IS WELL KNOWN, DR. TREVELYAN IS AN AUTHORITY. HE PROPOSES TO CALL AT ABOUT A QUARTER-PAST SIX TO-MORROW EVENING, IF DR. TREVELYAN WILL MAKE IT CONVENIENT TO BE AT HOME.

"THIS LETTER INTERESTED ME DEEPLY, BECAUSE THE CHIEF DIFFICULTY IN THE STUDY OF CATALEPSY IS THE

RARENESS OF THE DISEASE. YOU MAY BELIEVE, THEN, THAT I WAS IN MY CONSULTING-ROOM WHEN, AT THE APPOINTED HOUR, THE PAGE SHOWED IN THE PATIENT.

"HE WAS AN ELDERLY MAN, THIN, DEMURE, AND COMMONPLACE — BY NO MEANS THE CONCEPTION ONE FORMS OF A RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN. I WAS MUCH MORE STRUCK BY THE APPEARANCE OF HIS COMPANION. THIS WAS A TALL YOUNG MAN, SURPRISINGLY HANDSOME, WITH A DARK, FIERCE FACE, AND THE LIMBS AND CHEST OF A HERCULES. HE HAD HIS HAND UNDER THE OTHER'S ARM AS THEY ENTERED, AND HELPED HIM TO A CHAIR WITH A TENDERNESS WHICH ONE WOULD HARDLY HAVE EXPECTED FROM HIS APPEARANCE.

" 'YOU WILL EXCUSE MY

COMING IN, DOCTOR,' SAID HE TO ME, SPEAKING ENGLISH WITH A SLIGHT LISP. 'THIS IS MY FATHER, AND HIS HEALTH IS A MATTER OF THE MOST OVERWHELMING IMPORTANCE TO ME.'

"I WAS TOUCHED BY THIS FILIAL ANXIETY. 'YOU WOULD, PERHAPS, CARE TO REMAIN DURING THE CONSULTATION,' SAID I.

" 'NOT FOR THE WORLD,' HE CRIED, WITH A GESTURE OF HORROR. 'IT IS MORE PAINFUL TO ME THAN I CAN EXPRESS. IF I WERE TO SEE MY FATHER IN ONE OF THOSE DREADFUL SEIZURES, I AM CONVINCED THAT I SHOULD NEVER SURVIVE IT. MY OWN NERVOUS SYSTEM IS AN EXCEPTIONALLY SENSITIVE ONE. WITH YOUR PERMISSION I WILL REMAIN IN THE WAITING-ROOM WHILE YOU GO INTO MY FATHER'S CASE.'

"TO THIS, OF COURSE, I ASSENTED, AND THE YOUNG

MAN WITHDREW. THE PATIENT AND I THEN PLUNGED INTO A DISCUSSION OF HIS CASE, OF WHICH I TOOK EXHAUSTIVE NOTES. HE WAS NOT REMARKABLE FOR INTELLIGENCE, AND HIS ANSWERS WERE FREQUENTLY OBSCURE, WHICH I ATTRIBUTED TO HIS LIMITED ACQUAINTANCE WITH OUR LANGUAGE. SUDDENLY, HOWEVER, AS I SAT WRITING HE CEASED TO GIVE ANY ANSWER AT ALL TO MY INQUIRIES, AND ON MY TURNING TOWARDS HIM I WAS SHOCKED TO SEE THAT HE WAS SITTING BOLT UPRIGHT IN HIS CHAIR, STARING AT ME WITH A PERFECTLY BLANK AND RIGID FACE. HE WAS AGAIN IN THE GRIP OF HIS MYSTERIOUS MALADY.

"MY FIRST FEELING, AS I HAVE JUST SAID, WAS ONE OF PITY AND HORROR. MY SECOND, I FEAR, WAS RATHER

ONE OF PROFESSIONAL SATISFACTION. I MADE NOTES OF MY PATIENT'S PULSE AND TEMPERATURE, TESTED THE RIGIDITY OF HIS MUSCLES, AND EXAMINED HIS REFLEXES. THERE WAS NOTHING MARKEDLY ABNORMAL IN ANY OF THESE CONDITIONS, WHICH HARMONIZED WITH MY FORMER EXPERIENCES. HAD OBTAINED GOOD RESULTS IN SUCH CASES BY THE INHALATION OF NITRITE OF AMYL, AND THE PRESENT SEEMED AN ADMIRABLE OPPORTUNITY OF TESTING ITS VIRTUES. THE BOTTLE WAS DOWNSTAIRS IN MY LABORATORY, SO, LEAVING MY PATIENT SEATED IN HIS CHAIR, I RAN DOWN TO GET IT. THERE WAS SOME LITTLE DELAY IN FINDING IT — FIVE MINUTES, LET US SAY — AND THEN I RETURNED. IMAGINE MY AMAZEMENT TO FIND THE ROOM EMPTY AND THE PATIENT GONE!

"OF COURSE, MY FIRST ACT WAS TO RUN INTO THE WAITING-ROOM. THE SON HAD GONE ALSO. THE HALL DOOR HAD BEEN CLOSED, BUT NOT SHUT. MY PAGE WHO ADMITS PATIENTS IS A NEW BOY, AND BY NO MEANS QUICK. HE WAITS DOWNSTAIRS, AND RUNS UP TO SHOW PATIENTS OUT WHEN I RING THE CONSULTING-ROOM BELL. HE HAD HEARD NOTHING, AND THE AFFAIR REMAINED A COMPLETE MYSTERY. MR. BLESSINGTON CAME IN FROM HIS WALK SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, BUT I DID NOT SAY ANYTHING TO HIM UPON THE SUBJECT, FOR, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I HAVE GOT IN THE WAY OF LATE OF HOLDING AS LITTLE COMMUNICATION WITH HIM AS POSSIBLE.



"WELL, I NEVER THOUGHT THAT I SHOULD SEE ANYTHING MORE OF THE RUSSIAN AND HIS SON, SO YOU CAN IMAGINE MY AMAZEMENT WHEN AT THE VERY SAME HOUR THIS EVENING THEY BOTH CAME MARCHING INTO MY CONSULTING-ROOM, JUST AS THEY HAD DONE BEFORE.

"I FEEL THAT I OWE YOU A GREAT MANY APOLOGIES FOR MY ABRUPT DEPARTURE YESTERDAY, DOCTOR," SAID MY PATIENT.

"I CONFESS THAT I WAS VERY MUCH SURPRISED AT IT," SAID I.

"WELL, THE FACT IS, HE REMARKED, 'THAT WHEN I RECOVER FROM THESE ATTACKS MY MIND IS ALWAYS

VERY CLOUDED AS TO ALL THAT HAS GONE BEFORE. I WOKE UP IN A STRANGE ROOM, AS IT SEEMED TO ME, AND MADE MY WAY OUT INTO THE STREET IN A SORT OF DAZED WAY WHEN YOU WERE ABSENT

"AND I," SAID THE SON, 'SEEING MY FATHER PASS THE DOOR OF THE WAITING-ROOM, NATURALLY THOUGHT THAT THE CONSULTATION HAD COME TO AN END. IT WAS NOT UNTIL WE HAD REACHED HOME THAT I BEGAN TO REALIZE THE TRUE STATE OF AFFAIRS.'

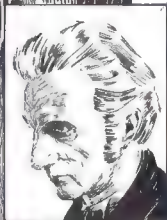
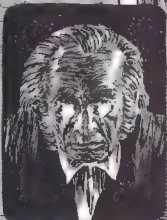
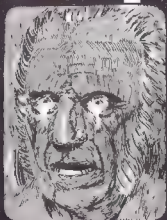
"WELL," SAID I, LAUGHING, 'THERE IS NO HARM DONE, EXCEPT THAT YOU PUZZLED ME TERRIBLY; SO IF YOU, SIR, WOULD KINDLY STEP INTO

THE WAITING-ROOM, I SHALL BE HAPPY TO CONTINUE OUR CONSULTATION, WHICH WAS BROUGHT TO SO ABRUPT AN ENDING.'

"FOR HALF AN HOUR OR SO I DISCUSSED THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S SYMPTOMS WITH HIM, AND THEN, HAVING PRESCRIBED FOR HIM, I SAW HIM GO OFF ON THE ARM OF HIS SON.

"I HAVE TOLD YOU THAT MR. BLESSINGTON GENERALLY CHOSE THIS HOUR OF THE DAY FOR HIS EXERCISE. HE CAME IN SHORTLY AFTERWARDS AND PASSED UPSTAIRS. AN INSTANT LATER I HEARD HIM RUNNING DOWN, AND HE BURST INTO MY CONSULTING-ROOM LIKE





A MAN WHO IS MAD WITH PANIC.

"WHO HAS BEEN IN MY ROOM?" HE CRIED.

"NO ONE," SAID I.

"IT'S A LIE!" HE YELLED. "COME UP AND LOOK."

"I PASSED OVER THE GROSSNESS OF HIS LANGUAGE, AS HE SEEMED HALF OUT OF HIS MIND WITH FEAR. WHEN I WENT UPSTAIRS WITH HIM HE POINTED TO SEVERAL FOOT-PRINTS UPON THE LIGHT CARPET.

"D'YOU MEAN TO SAY THOSE ARE MINE?" HE CRIED.

"THEY WERE CERTAINLY VERY MUCH LARGER THAN ANY WHICH HE COULD HAVE MADE, AND WERE EVIDENTLY QUITE FRESH. IT RAINED

HARD THIS AFTERNOON, AS YOU KNOW, AND MY PATIENTS WERE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO CALLED. IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE CASE, THEN, THAT THE MAN IN THE WAITING-ROOM HAD FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON, WHILE I WAS BUSY WITH THE OTHER, ASCENDED TO THE ROOM OF MY RESIDENT PATIENT. NOTHING HAD BEEN TOUCHED OR TAKEN, BUT THERE WERE THE FOOT-PRINTS TO PROVE THAT THE INTRUSION WAS AN UNDOUBTED FACT.

"MR. BLESSINGTON SEEMED MORE EXCITED OVER THE MATTER THAN I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT POSSIBLE, THOUGH, OF COURSE, IT WAS

ENOUGH TO DISTURB ANYBODY'S PEACE OF MIND. HE ACTUALLY SAT CRYING IN AN ARM-CHAIR, AND I COULD HARDLY GET HIM TO SPEAK COHERENTLY. IT WAS HIS SUGGESTION THAT I SHOULD COME ROUND TO YOU, AND OF COURSE I AT ONCE SAW THE PROPRIETY OF IT, FOR CERTAINLY THE INCIDENT IS A VERY SINGULAR ONE, THOUGH HE APPEARS TO COMPLETELY OVER-RATE ITS IMPORTANCE. IF YOU WOULD ONLY COME BACK WITH ME IN MY BROUGHAM, YOU WOULD AT LEAST BE ABLE TO SOOTHE HIM, THOUGH I CAN HARDLY HOPE THAT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN THIS REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE."



SHERLOCK HOLMES HAD LISTENED TO THIS LONG NARRATIVE WITH AN INTENTNESS WHICH SHOWED ME THAT HIS INTEREST WAS KEENLY AROUSED. HIS FACE WAS AS IMPASSIVE AS EVER, BUT HIS LIDS HAD DROOPED MORE HEAVILY OVER HIS EYES, AND HIS SMOKE HAD CURLED UP MORE THICKLY FROM HIS PIPE TO EMPHASIZE EACH CURIOUS EPISODE IN THE DOCTOR'S TALE. AS OUR VISITOR CONCLUDED HOLMES SPRANG UP WITHOUT A WORD, HANDED ME MY HAT, PICKED UP HIS OWN FROM THE TABLE, AND FOLLOWED DR. TREVELYAN TO THE DOOR. WITHIN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR WE HAD BEEN DROPPED AT THE DOOR OF THE PHYSICIAN'S RESIDENCE IN BROOK STREET, ONE OF THOSE SOMBER, FLAT-FACED HOUSES WHICH ONE ASSOCIATES WITH A WEST-END PRACTICE. A SMALL PAGE ADMITTED US, AND WE BEGAN AT ONCE TO ASCEND THE BROAD, WELL-CARPETED STAIR.





BUT A SINGULAR INTERRUPTION BROUGHT US TO A STANDSTILL. THE LIGHT AT THE TOP WAS SUDDENLY WHISKED OUT, AND FROM THE DARKNESS CAME A REEDY, QUAVERING VOICE.

"I HAVE A PISTOL," IT CRIED; "I GIVE YOU MY WORD THAT I'LL FIRE IF YOU COME ANY NEARER."

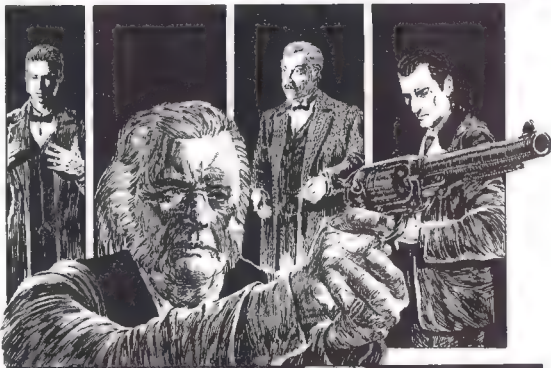
"THIS REALLY GROWS OUTRAGEOUS, MR. BLESSINGTON," CRIED DR. TREVELYAN.

"OH, THEN IT IS YOU, DOCTOR?" SAID THE VOICE, WITH A GREAT HEAVE OF RELIEF. "BUT THOSE OTHER GENTLEMEN, ARE THEY WHAT THEY PRETEND TO BE?"

WE WERE CONSCIOUS OF A LONG SCRUTINY OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

"YES, YES, IT'S ALL RIGHT," SAID THE VOICE AT LAST. "YOU CAN COME UP, AND I AM SORRY IF MY PRECAUTIONS HAVE ANNOYED YOU."

HE RE-LIT THE STAIR GAS AS HE SPOKE AND WE SAW BEFORE US A SINGULAR-LOOKING MAN, WHOSE APPEARANCE, AS WELL AS HIS VOICE, TESTIFIED TO HIS JANGLED NERVES. HE WAS VERY FAT, BUT HAD APPARENTLY AT SOME TIME BEEN MUCH FATTER, SO THAT THE SKIN HUNG ABOUT HIS FACE IN LOOSE POUCHES, LIKE THE CHEEKS OF A BLOODHOUND. HE WAS OF A SICKLY COLOUR, AND HIS THIN SANDY HAIR SEEMED TO BRISTLE UP WITH THE INTENSITY OF HIS EMOTION. IN HIS HAND HE HELD A PISTOL, BUT HE THRUST IT INTO HIS POCKET AS WE ADVANCED



"GOOD EVENING, MR. HOLMES," SAID HE; "I AM SURE I AM VERY MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU FOR COMING ROUND. NO ONE EVER NEEDED YOUR ADVICE MORE THAN I DO. I SUPPOSE THAT DR. TREVELYAN HAS TOLD YOU OF THIS MOST UNWARRANTED

TABLE INTRUSION INTO MY ROOMS."

"QUITE SO," SAID HOLMES. "WHO ARE THESE TWO MEN, MR. BLESSINGTON, AND WHY DO THEY WISH TO MOLEST YOU?"

"WELL, WELL," SAID THE RESIDENT PATIENT, IN A NER-

VOUS FASHION, "OF COURSE, IT IS HARD TO SAY THAT. YOU CAN HARDLY EXPECT ME TO ANSWER THAT, MR. HOLMES."

"DO YOU MEAN THAT YOU DON'T KNOW?"

"COME IN HERE, IF YOU PLEASE. JUST HAVE THE KINDNESS TO STEP IN HERE."



HE LED THE WAY INTO HIS BEDROOM, WHICH WAS LARGE AND COMFORTABLY FURNISHED.

"YOU SEE THAT," SAID HE, POINTING TO A BIG BLACK BOX AT THE END OF HIS BED. "I HAVE NEVER BEEN A VERY RICH MAN, MR. HOLMES — NEVER MADE BUT ONE INVESTMENT IN MY LIFE, AS DR. TREVELYAN WOULD TELL YOU. BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IN BANKERS, I WOULD NEVER TRUST A BANKER, MR. HOLMES. BETWEEN OURSELVES, WHAT LITTLE I HAVE IS IN THAT BOX, SO YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS TO ME WHEN UNKNOWN PEOPLE FORCE THEMSELVES INTO MY ROOMS."



HOLMES LOOKED AT BLESSINGTON IN HIS QUESTIONING WAY, AND SHOOK HIS HEAD.

"I CANNOT POSSIBLY AD-

VICE YOU IF YOU TRY TO DECEIVE ME," SAID HE.

"BUT I HAVE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING."

HOLMES TURNED ON HIS HEEL WITH A GESTURE OF DISGUST. "GOOD-NIGHT, DR. TREVELYAN," SAID HE.



"AND NO ADVICE FOR ME?" CRIED BLESSINGTON, IN A BREAKING VOICE.



"MY ADVICE TO YOU, SIR, IS TO SPEAK THE TRUTH."



A MINUTE LATER WE WERE IN THE STREET AND WALKING FOR HOME. WE HAD CROSSED OXFORD STREET, AND WERE HALF-WAY DOWN HARLEY STREET BEFORE I COULD GET A WORD FROM MY COMPANION.



"SORRY TO BRING YOU OUT ON SUCH A FOOL'S ERRAND, WATSON," HE SAID AT LAST. "IT IS AN INTERESTING CASE, TOO, AT THE BOTTOM OF IT." "I CAN MAKE LITTLE OF IT," I CONFESSED.

"WELL, IT IS QUITE EVIDENT THAT THERE ARE TWO MEN MORE, PERHAPS, BUT AT LEAST TWO — WHO ARE DETERMINED FOR SOME REASON TO GET AT THIS FELLOW BLESSINGTON. I HAVE NO DOUBT IN MY MIND THAT BOTH ON THE FIRST AND ON THE SECOND OCCASION THAT YOUNG MAN PENETRATED TO BLESSINGTON'S ROOM, WHILE HIS CONFEDERATE, BY AN INGENUOUS DEVICE, KEPT THE DOCTOR FROM INTERFERING."

"AND THE CATALEPSY!"

"A FRAUDULENT IMITATION, WATSON, THOUGH I SHOULD HARDLY DARE TO HINT AS MUCH TO OUR SPECIALIST, IT IS A VERY EASY COMPLAINT TO IMITATE. I HAVE DONE IT MYSELF."

"AND THEN?"

"BY THE PUREST CHANCE BLESSINGTON WAS OUT ON EACH OCCASION. THEIR REASON FOR CHOOSING SO UNUSUAL AN HOUR FOR A CONSULTATION WAS OB-

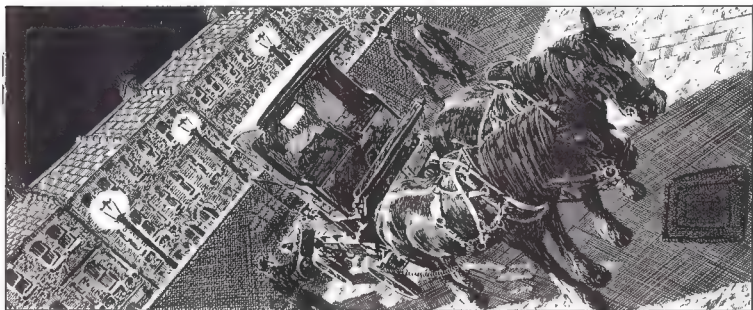
VIOUSLY TO INSURE THAT THERE SHOULD BE NO OTHER PATIENT IN THE WAITING-ROOM. IT JUST HAPPENED, HOWEVER, THAT THIS HOUR COINCIDED WITH BLESSINGTON'S CONSTITUTIONAL, WHICH SEEMS TO SHOW THAT THEY WERE NOT VERY WELL ACQUAINTED WITH HIS DAILY ROUTINE OF COURSE. IF THEY HAD BEEN MERELY AFTER PLUNDER THEY WOULD AT LEAST HAVE MADE SOME ATTEMPT TO SEARCH FOR IT. BESIDES, I CAN READ IN A MAN'S EYE WHEN IT IS HIS OWN SKIN THAT HE IS FRIGHTENED FOR, IT IS INCONCEIVABLE THAT THIS FELLOW COULD HAVE MADE TWO SUCH VINDICTIVE ENEMIES AS THEY APPEAR TO BE WITHOUT KNOWING OF IT. I HOLD IT, THEREFORE, TO BE CERTAIN THAT HE DOES KNOW WHO THESE MEN ARE AND THAT FOR REASONS OF HIS OWN HE SUPPRESSES IT. IT IS JUST POSSIBLE THAT TOMORROW MAY FIND HIM IN A MORE COMMUNICATIVE MOOD."

"IS THERE NOT ONE ALTERNATIVE," I SUGGESTED, "GROTESQUELY IMPROBABLE, NO DOUBT, BUT STILL JUST CONCEIVABLE? MIGHT

THE WHOLE STORY OF THE CATALEPTIC RUSSIAN AND HIS SON BE A CONCOCTION OF DR. TREVELYAN'S, WHO HAS, FOR HIS OWN PURPOSES, BEEN IN BLESSINGTON'S ROOMS?"

I SAW IN THE GASLIGHT THAT HOLMES WORE AN AMUSED SMILE AT THIS BRILLIANT DEPARTURE OF MINE.

"MY DEAR FELLOW," SAID HE, "IT WAS ONE OF THE FIRST SOLUTIONS WHICH OCCURRED TO ME, BUT I WAS SOON ABLE TO CORROBORATE THE DOCTOR'S TALE THIS YOUNG MAN HAS LEFT PRINTS UPON THE STAIR CARPET WHICH MADE IT QUITE SUPERFLUOUS FOR ME TO ASK TO SEE THOSE WHICH HE HAD MADE IN THE ROOM. WHEN I TOLD YOU THAT HIS SHOES WERE SQUARE-TOED, INSTEAD OF BEING POINTED LIKE BLESSINGTON'S, AND WERE QUITE AN INCH AND A THIRD LONGER THAN THE DOCTOR'S, YOU WILL ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT AS TO HIS INDIVIDUALITY. BUT WE MAY SLEEP ON IT NOW, FOR I SHALL BE SURPRISED IF WE DO NOT HEAR SOMETHING FURTHER FROM BROOK STREET IN THE MORNING."



SHERLOCK HOLMES'S PROPHECY WAS SOON FULFILLED AND IN A DRAMATIC FASHION. AT HALF-PAST SEVEN NEXT MORNING, IN THE FIRST DIM GLIMMER OF DAYLIGHT, I FOUND HIM STANDING BY MY BEDSIDE IN HIS DRESSING-GOWN.

"THERE'S A BROUGHAM WAITING FOR US, WATSON," SAID HE.

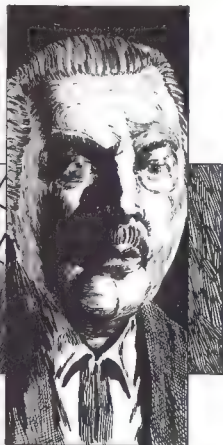
"WHAT'S THE MATTER, THEN?"

"THE BROOK STREET BUSINESS."

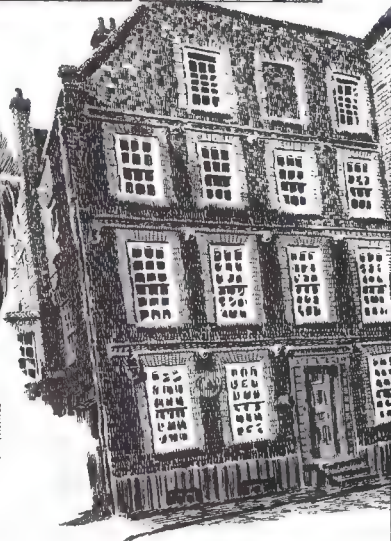
"ANY FRESH NEWS?"

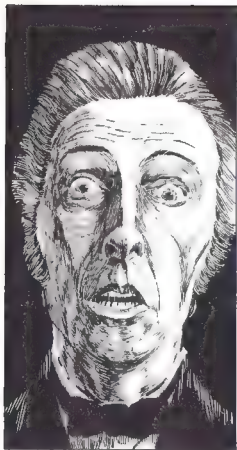


"TRAGIC BUT AMBIGUOUS," SAID HE, PULLING UP THE BLIND. "LOOK AT THIS — A SHEET FROM A NOTEBOOK WITH 'FOR GOD'S SAKE, COME AT ONCE — P.T.' SCRAWLED UPON IT IN PENCIL. OUR FRIEND THE DOCTOR WAS HARD PUT TO IT WHEN HE WROTE THIS. COME ALONG, MY DEAR FELLOW, FOR IT'S AN URGENT CALL."

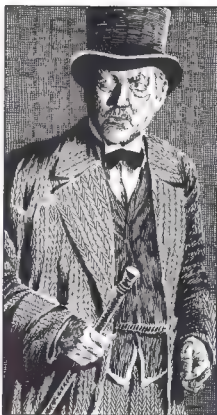


IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR OR SO WE WERE BACK AT THE PHYSICIAN'S HOUSE. HE CAME RUNNING OUT TO MEET US WITH A FACE OF HORROR.





"OH, SUCH A BUSINESS!"
HE CRIED, WITH HIS HANDS
TO HIS TEMPLES.



"WHAT, THEN?"
"BLESSINGTON HAS COM-
MITTED SUICIDE!"



HOLMES WHISTLED.
"YES, HE HANGED HIMSELF
DURING THE NIGHT."



WE HAD ENTERED, AND
THE DOCTOR HAD PRECEDED
US INTO WHAT WAS EVIDENT-
LY HIS WAITING-ROOM.

"I REALLY HARDLY KNOW
WHAT I AM DOING," HE CRIED.
"THE POLICE ARE ALREADY
UPSTAIRS. IT HAS SHAKEN ME
MOST DREADFULLY."

"WHEN DID YOU FIND IT
OUT?"

"HE HAS A CUP OF TEA
TAKEN IN TO HIM EARLY
EVERY MORNING, WHEN THE
MAID ENTERED ABOUT
SEVEN. THERE THE UNFOR-
TUNATE FELLOW WAS HANG-
ING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
ROOM. HE HAD TIED HIS
CORD TO THE HOOK ON
WHICH THE HEAVY LAMP US-
ED TO HANG, AND HE HAD
JUMPED OFF FROM THE TOP
OF THE VERY BOX THAT HE
SHOWED US YESTERDAY."

HOLMES STOOD FOR A MO-
MENT IN DEEP THOUGHT.



"WITH YOUR PERMISSION,"
SAID HE AT LAST, "I SHOULD
LIKE TO GO UPSTAIRS AND
LOOK INTO THE MATTER." WE
BOTH ASCENDED, FOLLOWED
BY THE DOCTOR.



IT WAS A DREADFUL SIGHT WHICH MET US AS WE ENTERED THE BEDROOM DOOR. I HAVE SPOKEN OF THE IMPRESSION OF FLAB-BINESS WHICH THIS MAN BLESSINGTON CONVEYED, AS HE DANGLED FROM THE HOOK IT WAS EXAGGERATED AND INTENSIFIED UNTIL HE WAS SCARCE HUMAN IN HIS APPEARANCE. THE NECK WAS DRAWN OUT LIKE A PLUCKED CHICKEN'S, MAKING THE REST OF HIM SEEM THE MORE OBESE AND UNNATURAL BY THE CONTRAST. HE WAS CLAD ONLY IN HIS

LONG NIGHT-DRESS, AND HIS SWOLLEN ANKLES AND UNGAINLY FEET PROTRUDED STARKLY FROM BENEATH IT. BESIDE HIM STOOD A SMART-LOOKING POLICE INSPECTOR, WHO WAS TAKING NOTES IN A POCKET-BOOK.

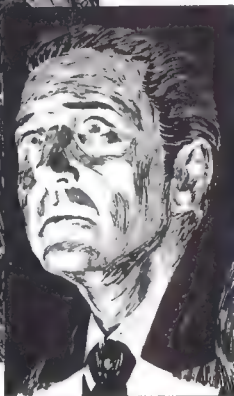
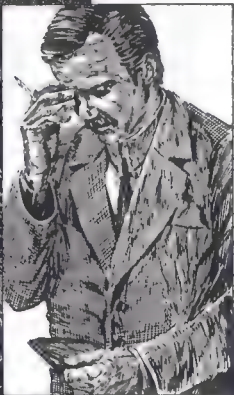
"AH, MR. HOLMES," SAID HE, HEARTILY, AS MY FRIEND ENTERED. "I AM DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU."

"GOOD MORNING, LANNER," ANSWERED HOLMES. "YOU WON'T THINK ME AN INTRUDER, I AM SURE. HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE EVENTS WHICH LED UP TO THIS AFFAIR?"

"YES, I HEARD SOMETHING OF THEM."

"HAVE YOU FORMED ANY OPINION?"

"AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, THE MAN HAS BEEN DRIVEN OUT OF HIS SENSES BY FRIGHT. THE BED HAS BEEN WELL SLEPT IN, YOU SEE. THERE'S HIS IMPRESSION DEEP ENOUGH IT'S ABOUT FIVE IN THE MORNING, YOU KNOW, THAT SUICIDES ARE MOST COMMON. THAT WOULD BE ABOUT HIS TIME FOR HANGING HIMSELF. IT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A VERY DELIBERATE AFFAIR."



"I SHOULD SAY THAT HE HAS BEEN DEAD ABOUT THREE HOURS, JUDGING BY THE RIGIDITY OF THE MUSCLES," SAID I.

"NOTICED ANYTHING PECULIAR ABOUT THE ROOM?" ASKED HOLMES.

"FOUND A SCREWDRIVER AND SOME SCREWS ON THE WASH-HAND STAND. SEEMS TO HAVE SMOKED HEAVILY DURING THE NIGHT, TOO. HERE ARE FOUR CIGAR ENDS THAT I PICKED OUT OF THE FIREPLACE."

"HUM!" SAID HOLMES.

"HAVE YOU GOT HIS CIGAR-HOLDER?"

"NO, I HAVE SEEN NONE."

"HIS CIGAR-CASE, THEN?"

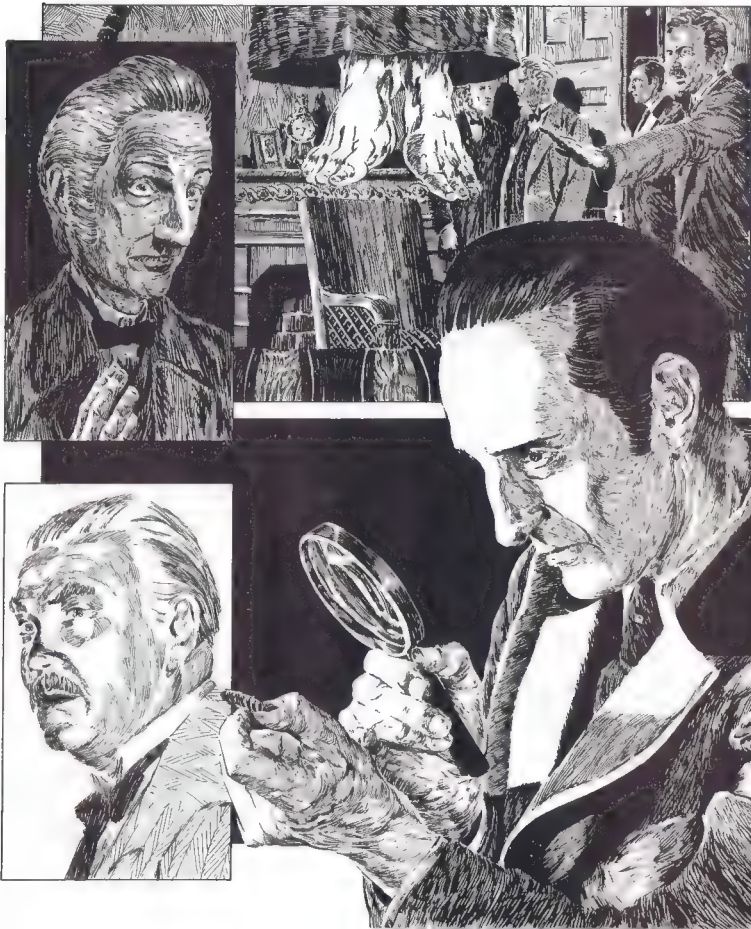
"YES, IT WAS IN HIS COAT POCKET."

HOLMES OPENED IT AND SMELLED THE SINGLE CIGAR WHICH IT CONTAINED.

"OH, THIS IS A HAVANA. AND THESE OTHERS ARE CIGARS OF THE PECULIAR SORT WHICH ARE IMPORTED BY THE DUTCH FROM THEIR EAST INDIAN COLONIES. THEY ARE USUALLY WRAPPED IN STRAW, YOU KNOW, AND ARE

THINNER FOR THEIR LENGTH THAN ANY OTHER BRAND." HE PICKED UP THE FOUR ENDS AND EXAMINED THEM WITH HIS POCKET LENS.

"TWO OF THESE HAVE BEEN SMOKED FROM A HOLDER AND TWO WITHOUT," SAID HE. "TWO HAVE BEEN CUT BY A NOT VERY SHARP KNIFE, AND TWO HAVE HAD THE ENDS BITTEN OFF BY A SET OF EXCELLENT TEETH. THIS IS NO SUICIDE, MR. LANNER. IT IS A VERY DEEPLY-PLANNED AND COLD-BLOOD-ED MURDER."



"IMPOSSIBLE!" CRIED THE INSPECTOR.

"AND WHY?"

"WHY SHOULD ANYONE MURDER A MAN IN SO CLUMSY A FASHION AS BY HANGING HIM?"

"THAT IS WHAT WE HAVE TO FIND OUT."

"HOW COULD THEY GET IN?"

"THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR."

"IT WAS BARRED IN THE MORNING."

"THEN IT WAS BARRED AFTER THEM."

"HOW DO YOU KNOW?"

"I SAW THEIR TRACES. EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, AND I MAY BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU SOME FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT IT."

HE WENT OVER TO THE DOOR, AND TURNING THE LOCK HE EXAMINED IT IN HIS METHODICAL FASHION. THEN HE TOOK OUT THE KEY, WHICH WAS ON THE INSIDE, AND INSPECTED THAT ALSO. THE BED, THE CARPET, THE CHAIRS, THE MANTELPIECE, THE DEAD BODY, AND THE ROPE WERE EACH IN TURN EXAMINED, UNTIL AT LAST HE PROFESSED HIMSELF SATISFIED, AND WITH MY AID AND THAT OF THE INSPECTOR CUT DOWN THE WRETCHED OBJECT, AND LAID IT REVERENTLY UNDER A SHEET.

"HOW ABOUT THIS ROPE?" HE ASKED.

"IT IS CUT OFF THIS," SAID DR. TREVELYAN, DRAWING A LARGE COIL FROM UNDER THE BED. "HE WAS MORBIDLY NERVOUS OF FIRE, AND ALWAYS KEPT THIS BESIDE HIM, SO THAT HE MIGHT ESCAPE BY THE WINDOW IN CASE THE STAIRS WERE BURNING."

"THAT MUST HAVE SAVED THEM TORUBLE," SAID HOLMES, THOUGHTFULLY. "YES, THE ACTUAL FACTS ARE VERY PLAIN, AND I SHALL BE SURPRISED IF BY THE AFTERNOON I CANNOT GIVE YOU THE REASONS FOR THEM AS WELL. I WILL TAKE THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF BLESSINGTON WHICH I SEE UPON THE MANTELPIECE, AS IT MAY HELP ME IN MY INQUIRIES."

"BUT YOU HAVE TOLD US NOTHING," CRIED THE DOCTOR.





"OH, THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT AS TO THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS," SAID HOLMES. "THERE WERE THREE OF THEM IN IT: THE YOUNG MAN, THE OLD MAN, AND A THIRD TO WHOSE IDENTITY I HAVE NO CLUE. THE FIRST TWO, I NEED HARDLY REMARK, ARE THE SAME WHO MASQUERADED AS THE RUSSIAN COUNT AND HIS SON, SO WE CAN GIVE A VERY FULL DESCRIPTION OF THEM. THEY WERE ADMITTED BY A CONFEDERATE INSIDE THE HOUSE. IF I MIGHT OFFER YOU A WORD OF ADVICE, INSPECTOR, IT WOULD BE TO ARREST THE PAGE, WHO, AS I UNDERSTAND, HAS ONLY RECENTLY COME INTO YOUR SERVICE, DOCTOR."

"THE YOUNG IMP CANNOT BE FOUND," SAID DR. TREVELYAN. "THE MAID AND THE COOK HAVE JUST BEEN SEARCHING FOR HIM."

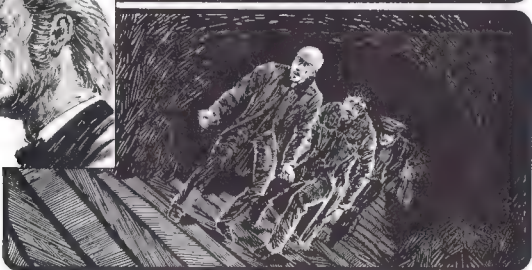
HOLMES SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS.

"HE HAS PLAYED A NOT UNIMPORTANT PART IN THIS DRAMA," SAID HE. "THE THREE MEN HAVING ASCENDED THE STAIR, WHICH THEY DID ON TIPTOE, THE ELDER MAN FIRST, THE YOUNGER MAN SECOND, AND THE UNKNOWN MAN IN THE REAR —"

"MY DEAR HOLMES!" I EJACULATED.

"OH, THERE COULD BE NO QUESTION AS TO THE SUPERIMPOSING OF THE FOOTMARKS. I HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF LEARNING WHICH WAS WHICH LAST NIGHT. THEY ASCENDED THEN TO MR. BLESSINGTON'S ROOM, THE DOOR OF WHICH THEY FOUND TO BE LOCKED. WITH THE HELP OF A WIRE, HOWEVER, THEY FORCED ROUND THE KEY. EVEN WITHOUT A LENS, YOU WILL PERCEIVE BY THE SCRATCHES ON THIS WARD WHERE THE PRESSURE WAS APPLIED.

"ON ENTERING THE ROOM, THEIR FIRST PROCEEDING MUST HAVE BEEN TO GAG MR. BLESSINGTON. HE MAY HAVE BEEN ASLEEP, OR HE MAY HAVE BEEN SO PARALYZED WITH TERROR AS TO HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO CRY OUT. THESE WALLS ARE THICK, AND IT IS CONCEIVABLE THAT HIS SHRIEK, IF HE HAD TIME TO UTTER ONE, WAS UNHEARD.

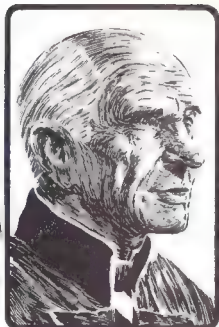
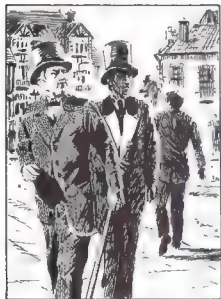




"HAVING SECURED HIM, IT IS EVIDENT TO ME THAT A CONSULTATION OF SOME SORT WAS HELD. PROBABLY IT WAS SOMETHING IN THE NATURE OF A JUDICIAL PROCEEDING. IT MUST HAVE LASTED FOR SOME TIME, FOR IT WAS THEN THAT THESE CIGARS WERE SMOKED. THE OLDER MAN SAT IN THAT WICKER CHAIR: IT WAS HE WHO USED THE CIGAR-HOLDER. THE YOUNGER MAN SAT OVER YONDER: HE KNOCKED HIS ASH OFF AGAINST THE CHEST OF DRAWERS. THE THIRD FELLOW PACED UP AND DOWN. BLESSINGTON, I THINK, SAT UPRIGHT ON THE BED, BUT OF THAT I CANNOT BE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN.

"WELL, IT ENDED BY THEIR TAKING BLESSINGTON AND HANGING HIM. THE MATTER WAS SO PREARRANGED THAT IT IS MY BELIEF THAT THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM SOME SORT OF BLOCK OR PULLEY WHICH MIGHT SERVE AS A GALLOW. THAT SCREWDRIVER AND THOSE SCREWS WERE, AS I CONCEIVE, FOR FIXING IT UP. SEEING THE HOOK, HOWEVER, THEY NATURALLY SAVED THEMSELVES THE TROUBLE. HAVING FINISHED THEIR WORK THEY MADE OFF, AND THE DOOR WAS BARRED BEHIND THEM BY THEIR CONFEDERATE."





WE HAD ALL LISTENED WITH THE DEEPEST INTEREST TO THIS SKETCH OF THE NIGHT'S DOINGS, WHICH HOLMES HAD DEDUCED FROM SIGNS SO SUBTLE AND MINUTE, THAT EVEN WHEN HE HAD POINTED THEM OUT TO US, WE COULD SCARCELY FOLLOW HIM IN HIS REASONINGS. THE INSPECTOR HURRIED AWAY ON THE INSTANT TO MAKE INQUIRIES ABOUT THE PAGE, WHILE HOLMES AND I RETURNED TO BAKER STREET FOR BREAKFAST.

"I'LL BE BACK BY THREE," SAID HE WHEN WE HAD FINISHED OUR MEAL. "BOTH THE INSPECTOR AND THE DOCTOR WILL MEET ME HERE AT THAT HOUR, AND I HOPE BY THAT TIME TO HAVE CLEARED UP ANY LITTLE OBSCURITY WHICH THE CASE MAY STILL PRESENT."

OUR VISITORS ARRIVED AT THE APPOINTED TIME, BUT IT WAS A QUARTER TO FOUR BEFORE MY FRIEND PUT IN AN APPEARANCE. FROM HIS EXPRESSION AS HE ENTERED, HOWEVER, I COULD SEE THAT ALL HAD GONE WELL WITH HIM.

"ANY NEWS, INSPECTOR?" "WE HAVE GOT THE BOY, SIR."

"EXCELLENT, AND I HAVE GOT THE MEN."

"YOU HAVE GOT THEM!" WE CRIED ALL THREE.

"WELL, AT LEAST I HAVE GOT THEIR IDENTITY. THIS SO-CALLED BLESSINGTON IS, AS I EXPECTED, WELL KNOWN AT HEADQUARTERS, AND SO ARE HIS ASSAILANTS. THEIR NAMES ARE BIDDLE, HAYWARD, AND MOFFAT."

"THE WORTHINGTON BANK GANG," CRIED THE INSPECTOR.

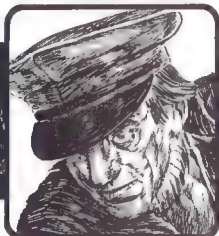
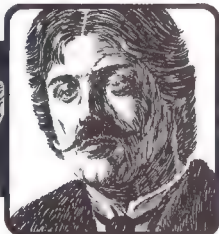
"PRECISELY," SAID HOLMES.

"THEN BLESSINGTON MUST HAVE BEEN SUTTON?"

"EXACTLY," SAID HOLMES.

"WHY, THAT MAKES IT AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL," SAID THE INSPECTOR.

BUT TREVELYAN AND I LOOKED AT EACH OTHER IN BEWILDERMENT.



"YOU MUST SURELY REMEMBER THE GREAT WORKINGDON BANK BUSINESS," SAID HOLMES; "FIVE MEN WERE IN IT, THESE FOUR AND A FIFTH, CALLED CARTWRIGHT. TOBIN, THE CARE-TAKER, WAS MURDERED, AND THE THIEVES GOT AWAY WITH SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS. THIS WAS IN 1875. THEY WERE ALL FIVE ARRESTED, BUT THE EVIDENCE AGAINST THEM WAS BY NO MEANS CONCLUSIVE. THIS BLESSINGTON, OR SUTTON, WHO WAS THE WORST OF THE GANG, TURNED INFORMER. ON HIS EVIDENCE, CARTWRIGHT WAS HANGED AND THE OTHER THREE GOT FIFTEEN YEARS APiece WHEN THEY GOT OUT THE OTHER DAY, WHICH WAS SOME YEARS BEFORE THEIR FULL TERM, THEY SET THEMSELVES, AS YOU PERCEIVE, TO HUNT DOWN THE TRAITOR AND TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF THEIR COMRADE UPON HIM. TWICE THEY TRIED TO GET AT HIM AND FAILED; A THIRD TIME, YOU SEE, IT CAME OFF. IS THERE ANYTHING FURTHER WHICH I CAN EXPLAIN, DR. TREVELYAN?"

"I THINK YOU HAVE MADE IT ALL REMARKABLY CLEAR," SAID THE DOCTOR. "NO DOUBT THE DAY ON WHICH HE WAS SO PERTURBED WAS THE DAY WHEN HE HAD READ OF THEIR RELEASE IN THE NEWSPAPERS."

"QUITE SO. HIS TALK ABOUT A BURGLARY WAS THE MEREST BLIND."

"BUT WHY COULD HE NOT TELL YOU THIS?"

"WELL, MY DEAR SIR, KNOWING THE VINDICTIVE CHARACTER OF HIS OLD ASSOCIATES, HE WAS TRYING TO HIDE HIS OWN IDENTITY FROM EVERYBODY AS LONG AS HE COULD. HIS SECRET WAS A SHAMEFUL ONE, AND HE COULD NOT BRING HIMSELF TO DIVULGE IT. HOWEVER, WRETCH AS HE WAS, HE WAS STILL LIVING UNDER THE SHIELD OF BRITISH LAW, AND I HAVE NO DOUBT, INSPECTOR, THAT YOU WILL SEE THAT, THOUGH THAT SHIELD MAY FAIL TO GUARD, THE SWORD OF JUSTICE IS STILL THERE TO AVENGE."





SUCH WERE THE SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES IN CONNECTION WITH THE RESIDENT PATIENT AND THE BROOK STREET DOCTOR. FROM THAT NIGHT NOTHING HAS BEEN SEEN OF THE THREE MURDERERS BY THE POLICE, AND IT IS SURMISED AT

SCOTLAND YARD THAT THEY WERE AMONG THE PASSENGERS OF THE ILL-FATED STEAMER *NORAH CREINA*, WHICH WAS LOST SOME YEARS AGO WITH ALL HANDS UPON THE PORTUGUESE COAST, SOME LEAGUES TO

THE NORTH OF OPORTO. THE PROCEEDINGS AGAINST THE PAGE BROKE DOWN FOR WANT OF EVIDENCE, AND THE "BROOK STREET MYSTERY," AS IT WAS CALLED, HAS NEVER, UNTIL NOW, BEEN FULLY DEALT WITH IN ANY PUBLIC PRINT.





THE BLACKMAIL

R.R. #1
Lansdowne, Ontario
CANADA K0E 1E0
LETTER PAGE TITLE COURTESY
OF
KEITH A
HOPE

Dear Renegade Press:

This being my second letter to your "Cases of Sherlock Holmes", I admit astonishment at your decision to print my first letter in issue No. 3.

Didn't you find it contradictory to the contents of that issue?

What I believed so uniquely inspiring in issue 1, (and, later, issue 2), was the fact that it was the original literature beautifully adapted to comic form, (and, if the letters page was any indication, others were of the same sentiment). Yet, there I was, applauding your breakthrough in the back of an all-new Sherlock Holmes story written by Gordon Derry!

Rest assured, I have nothing against Mr. Derry. Indeed, his biography of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle appears to be very well researched and has duly earned my appreciation - he has shown great care. And, though "The Strange Adventure of the Vourdalak" was very well-written, thought-out and basically enjoyable Holmes story, I felt the cocaine addiction was slightly overdone and could have been completely left out without distracting from the overall adventure. But, once again, my qualm is not with the writer.

I just feel that, what you at Renegade have started with "Cases," should be followed through - Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the comic medium is a literary gold mine in a world gone mad for "Fast Entertainment".

You have the greatest potential in your hands and I wish you all

the success.

Steven Tracy
1608 32nd Ave.
GULFPORT, M.S. 39501

Dear Steven,

Thanks for your positive comments on my writing. I think you should be pleased that your first letter was printed in issue #3 - this shows that Dan Day is not afraid of controversy, and in fact he welcomes all reader reactions: This is the sign of a self-assured artist.

I feel that the theme of cocaine addiction is an integral part of the story. It is the implement with which I was able to bring out depth of character in both Holmes and Watson. Otherwise, the story might easily have become a mere action piece -- exciting but not especially emotionally moving. Conan Doyle never wrote about Watson's first discovery of Holmes' addiction, and I felt this needed exploring. Watson's outrage and shock are my way of warning against drug abuse. Holmes' attitude, on the other hand, emphasizes how devious and seductive the addiction syndrome can be.

As to why this new story was published...to the best of my knowledge, the reasons were threefold: First, Dan wanted at least one all-new adventure for this series, so that readers wouldn't find only the same reprinted tales they had read time and again. Secondly, he was keen to illustrate an adventure with

more fast-paced, physical action than most of the original Conan Doyle stories contain -- something a little more like a 1930's pulp adventure in flavour and mood, but still retaining the Holmesian atmosphere and mystique. He had enough faith in me to think I could do the job. Third, and not least, Dan and I had wanted to collaborate on an artistic project for quite some time. We had talked about many of them, but somehow none ever seemed to materialize. At last we had the chance. But rest assured that if either of us thought that "The Strange Adventure of the Vourdalak" might detract from the series, we wouldn't have gone through with it.

Gordon Derry

In this year of Sherlock Holmes 100th birthday, I wish to dedicate this first year's worth of cases of Sherlock Holmes issue's to each and every one of you.

For without you the reader, procurer, and fan this series would not be on the stands today.

What you know hold in your hands, I believe is a North American Record for Sherlock Holmes in the comic book format.

Until the next issue.

I remain
Your Servant
Dan Day



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